

Chaos Writings from the Catacombs



Burial in the Egyptian Catacombs of Kom El Shoqafa



Burial of John Dodderidge and his Second Wife at Exeter Cathedral



Exeter Catacombs Entrance

I'm here above the catacombs of Exeter.

The catacombs which they created in the style of Egypt.

A mound of shards.

A pile of broken.

A place of shattered beliefs.

Of lost dreams.

Broken pots and shattered vases, histories split between multiple realities.

Fragments of mental and spiritual jigsaws.

Such as the breaking of the Roman enslavement of the Ancient Britons by the new masters of Britain, the Saxons.

Meet the new boss. The same as the old boss.

Goodbye Romans. Hello Saxon-Angle conspiracy.

The chaos of multiple histories. The chaos of false memories and contradictory facts.

Sharky was King of the Fish. He was every kind of fish in the world. He was a man. He was a God. He was Fisher King and flowing shapeshifter. He saved Noah and Jonah and he walked upon the Waters. His wife was the Goddess of the Lake, the Goddess of the River, The Goddess of the Ocean. Mare.

Pieces of time lie, lay, will lay, will have lain, in all directions, at misleading levels of truth in piles of discarded centuries where chaos splits and in comes structure.

And Sharky was imprisoned in the Land.

The sleeping dreaming judge weighed the elements in the scales of Anubis against a feather provided by Ma'at, the Goddess.

For the seven elementals of the world are gods of Water and Earth and Fire and Metal, gods of Air and Trees and Animals.

The Dreamtime is a field of meta-force not unlike an electro-magnetic field or a sphere of gravitational influence.

And Sharky was the Fish King caught and landed in the deep down dread. The Knights of the Temple guarded those gates of Annwn which they could find, though there were many

others. Places where broken weapons and broken tools could mend time and space. And the Knights of the Temple studied the Laws of the deep down underground dread which was The King of the Fish in his dark imprisonment.

And the Roman Latin spells were cast in Lincoln's Inn and Gray's Inn and in and in and in the Middle Temple and in and in and in the Inner Temple.

John Dodderidge, the sleeping, dreaming judge was a bishop and a Knight Hospitalier who slept and walked in dreams through Barnstaple and Crediton and Old London. Through volcanic cauldrons of lava and the Inner Temple and the fire of London. And the spell was not broken but was bent and distorted and Oliver Cromwell did his best or his worst and established new precedents and the Fire Elemental roamed across the land setting the Fire of London which did what it could until the incarnated form of the Golden Boy and the Silent Man brought stillness.

The land reshaped by the fire elemental and the water elemental and all of the seven elementals of the world.

The old name of Exeter, from the times of Romano-Britain, is Isca Dumnoniorum.

Babbling like a brook.

Exeter is built on the banks of the River Exe, originally called the River Isk. The name refers to the sacred water in which lives the Lady of the Sword, or Queen of Swords and to the muddy banks of the river in which is the buried spirit of the King of the Fish.

Isca, river city of The Sword Queen and the Fish King. Together the Queen of the Sword and the King of the Fish are the power in the land.

The Romans came.

General Vespasian's "Legio II Augusta", the Second Legion Augustus came. And the Romans built a city wall around Isca.

And the Romans were here for 500 years. And then they were driven out by the great conspiracy of Scots, Saxons, Goths and Merfolk. The Romans had risen from a kingdom to a republic and then to an empire and now they were gone. As Rome fell the Holy Roman Empire was getting ready to begin.

The sword had waited since the earliest times and since time itself was an uncertain thing. The sword was not merely in a river. The sword was in THE river. The river of all rivers. The archetype of all rivers. There, in the archetype of all rivers, was the archetype of ALL swords.

The sword waited for the hero. For the broken is transferred into the other world and later emerges whole. That which is gone in the fire still lives in the spirit.

The lady of the waters guarded the sword. The lady of the river and the stream and the lake.

The lady's role in the flow of events was to give and take. The sword would be returned to her in the fullness or in the emptiness. She was Queen of Cups and inspirer of battle. She was Cornucopia and eternal. She was Saint Trinity Nine above and below and in the depths of The World's dark mind.

The sword would return to her whether it be imprisoned in stone or in oak. She must give the sword to the hero and the sword would bring the principle of all swords. Death, destruction, blood would flow and tears would flow and the Lady would be there as part of Kore and Hecate and blindfolded justice. And when the level had been reached and the scales had balanced fair and true then the sword would return to the Lady of the waters.

And he came. They called him Arthur of the Britons. His task was to unite the Celtic tribes against the invading Angles and Saxons. Rome was over, Rome was dead. The power of the Druids would rise again.

And he came, following the lines which connected all the way from the Ocean Lizard to the Isle of Apples and in mid-journey to the lands of The Dumnonii and to the waters of Isca and he stood with Merlin his priest and they wept tears into the river.

Then, as their tears united with the waters of the River Isca, the Lady emerged from the depths of all rivers and all streams and all lakes and granted Arthur the archetypal sword of all swords, but only for a time.

Arthur was a young man with years and battles and deceits and horror ahead of him as the river of time flowed on.

One day his body would be buried on the Isle of Apples and the fate of Britain would be decided. The Scales of Justice would swing in the unbalance and Liberty would be gained and lost, gained and lost, gained and lost.

Until then Arthur would be the hero and wield the sword.

As she threw the sword to Arthur the Lady cried out the name of the sword. A new name for a new time...
and the name of the sword was ISCA LIBRA!!!!

The Lady of the River Exe gave the sword Excalibur to be used by the Celtic hero Arthur. He was to defend the Celtic land by killing the invading Saxons. And yet it was too late. The Saxons brought with them power from the Rhine and power from the Baltic.

The King of the Fish held power too but it was trapped beneath the hills.

The Britons had lived under 500 years of Roman rule. They were the sons and daughters of generations who had grown up as slaves and possessions of the empire. The Saxons and Angles and Jutes had lived under Roman rule too but now they had something new. They were backed by the spirits of Rhine Lorelei and North Lorelei who gave them the secret of swelling and flowing like the river. This swelling and flowing allowed the Saxons, Angles and Jutes to shape shift, becoming bears, wolves, dogs or amphibian dragons.

The water bearers flowed over the land as ogres and monsters and beasts and men.

And Arthur breathed his last and merged with the king of all kings. And the sword Isca Libra was returned to the river and to the Lady of All Waters and All Swords. And Arthur's body was taken north to the waterbere by Ynys Afallon, the Isle of Apples, and buried.

And the city of Isca became the property of the Saxon King. And the Britons were ghettoised in the west quarter of the city.

Deep in the dark mind of the world there was a dividing of the flow.

One stream of history took the direction of a milder Roman dogma. Along that river of time there came into being a gentle world in which Wessex Christianity came not into conflict with the dogma of central Roman Christianity. Northern European lands felt no need to rebel against the gentle hand of Rome. Heresy was to some extent tolerated in the name of free meditation upon the Holy Word. The people felt that they were ruled by a kindness which encouraged freedom of thought.

A second stream of history veered in the opposite direction creating a fierce jealousy and an extremity of dogmatic exactitude. In the world created by that second stream the church was feared and priests delivered harsh punishment upon the believers who dared to think of different interpretations or otherwise meanings of the Holy Latin Book. In that universe the Inquisition came into being early in the 9th Century after a series of Popes and Antipopes had resulted in a desperate and cruel crusade against the northern and eastern divergent factions and a fierce terrorising of the pagans by an inquisition and an intransigent application of the Twelve Tables of Roman law.

These harsh measures proved a serious mistake by Rome and resulted in a huge alliance of northern kingdoms with the Eastern Empire and the North African Vandal forces. These allies successfully conquered the Western Empire of Rome and established a revitalised Angria as an even greater empire than had ever been seen before in history.

In the dark mind of the world the rivers of history split into a third stream along which Rome took a middle path between tolerance and strict dogma. This direction resulted in the beginnings of Protestantism and the eventual limitation of the powers of Rome.

Across three realities the destiny of Rome was split. And this was the Dreaming of Rome.

And in Exeter the Celtic Britons suffered under their Angle-Saxon rulers. And this was a part of the Dreaming of England.

The Celtic Britons were overrun by the Saxon force and, in time, the Britons of Exeter were living surrounded by Saxon law and Saxon life. The Britons were then strangers in their own land, grocked beneath the rock, bone beneath the stone, ghettoised within the western quarter of the city in the place called Little Britayne Street.

And this was a Dreamtime and a Dreamspace and a nexus of spirit forms within the Dark Mind of the World.

A thousand years ago the south of England was divided into the “sexes” of the Saxon settlement: Westsax, Sutsax. Middilsax and Etsax.

The area to the north of the rivers Avon, Severn and Thames was mostly settled by the Angle tribes and so became Anglia, Mercia and Northumbria.

And as the river of time flowed on Britain became a life for some and a burial ground for others.

In the dark mind of the world.

In the Dreaming of Europe.

In the grip of the Holy Roman power.

In the temporal Riviera of time.